

The
Cherry and the Sloe

Modernized by J. D.

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CHERRY AND THE SLOE.

CORRECTED and MODERNIZED

The old Spelling being mostly altered, except
where the Rhime makes it necessary to pre-
serve the old.

By F. D.

Written originally by Capt,
ALXER, MONTGOMERY.

FIRST PRINTED in the YEAR 1597

ABERDEEN
PRINTED AND SOLD
BY JOHN BOYLE
1794.

THE

CHERRY AND THE SLOE

CORKTUB AND MODERNIZED

BY JAMES HENRY THOMAS
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CHARLES DODGSON

CHARLES DODGSON
LONDON, 1862.

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THE
CHERRY AND THE SLOE.

About a bank with ba'my bow'rs
Bedeck'd in beauty's fairest flow'rs,
And greens for ever gay ;
The Mavis, Merl, and Progne proud,
The Linnet, Lark, and Lavrock loud,
Saluted mirthful May.

When Philomel had sweetly sung,
To Progne she deplor'd,
How Tereus had cut out her tongue,
And falsly her deflowr'd ;
Her story so fory ;
In speech so fair she seem'd ;
Her ditty so pretty ;
I doubted if I dream'd.

A

* This Poem was first Printed in the year 1597.

The CHERRY and

II

The Cushat coos, the Corbie crys,
The Cuckow couks, the prattling Pyes,
The geck her shry begin;
The jargon of the Jangling Jays,
The croaking Crows, and kakling Kays,
They deaw'd me with their din.

The painte'd Pawn with Argus eyes,
Can on his Mayock call.

The Turtle wails on wither'd trees
And Echo answers all;
Repeating with greeting
How fair Narcissus fell;
By lyig and spying
His shadow in the well.

III

I saw the Hurchin and the Hare,
In hidlings hirpling here and there,
To make their morns repa't;
The Cat and Coney too were set,
Whose denty downs in dew were wet,
With whiskers feeding fast.
The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,
The Fumart and false Fox;
The bearded Buck climbs up the brae,

THE SLOB.

With bristly bears and Brocks :
Some feeding, some dreading
The hunter's subtle snares,
With skipping and tripping,
They play'd them all in pairs.

IV.

The air was soft, serene and sweet,
No misty vapours win nor weet ;
But quiet, calm and clear ;
To foster Flora's fragrant flow'rs,
Whereon Apollo's paramours
Had trinkled many a tear :
The which like silver shakers shin'd
Embroide'ring beauty's bed,
Whereon their heavy heads declin'd,
In Iris colours clad :
Some moping, some dropping,
Of balmy liquid sweet ;
Excelling and smelling,
Through Phœbus' wholesome heat.

V.

Methought it was a heav'nly thing,
where dew like diamonds did hing,
O'er-twinkleing all the trees,

The CHERRY and

To study on the flow'ry twists,
Admiring Nature's Alchymists,
Laborious busy Bees ;
Whereof some sweetest honey sought,
To stay their lives from starve,
And some their waxen vessels wrought,
Their purpose to preserve ;
So heaping, for keeping,
It in their hives thy hide,
Precisely and wisely,
For Winter they provide.

VI.

To paint the pleasures of that park,
How every blossom branch and bark,
Against the sun did shine,
I leave to poets to compile,
In high heroic stately stile,
Whose muse surmounts mine.
But as I looked all alone,
I saw a river flow,
Out o'er a steepy rock of stone,
Then lighted fast below,
With tumbling and rumbling
Among the rocks around,
Devalling and falting
Into a pit profound.

Through roaring of the river rang
The rocks, resounding like a sang,
Blyth music did abound ;
With trible, tenor counter mean,
And Echo blew a base between,
In Diapason found ;
Set on Nature's clearest clift,
With thorow base at list ;
With quaver, crotchet, semibriff,
And not a minium mist ;
Compleatly more sweetly
A cording flat or sharp,
Than muse ere did use ere
To pin Apollo's harp.

VII.

Who could have tir'd to hear that tune,
With birds concerting it so soon,
And lays of lovelome Larks,
Which climb so high in chrystat sky,
While Cupid, waken'd with the cry,
The merry music marks.
Who leaving blithe the heav'ns above
Alighted on the yeard ;

Lo how the little Lord of Love
Approaching me appear'd;

So mild like, and child like,
With bow three quarters scant,

So slyly, and shyly.

He looked like a faint

His crisped hair hung o'er his eyes,
His quiver by his naked thighs,

Hung in a silver Lace; Of gold between his shoulders grew,
Two pretty wings wherewith he flew

On his left arm a brace.

His shining shafts he quick'y shook

Upon the grassy ground
I run as lightly up to look

What *ferlies might be found;

Amazed, I gazed,

To see his gear so gay,

Perceiving my having,

He counted me his prey,

X,

His youth and stature made me stout,
Of doubleness I had no doubt,

* Wonders.

THE S L O E.

But thus bespake the boy:
Quoth I, how call they thee my child?
upido. Sir, quoth he, and smil'd,
Please yet me to employ:
Or I can serve you in your suit,
So please you to require
With wings to fly, or shafts to shoul,
Or flames to set on fire.

Refuse then, or chuse then,
Of a thousand things,
But crave them and have them;
With that I wo'd his wings.

XI.

What would'st thou give, my friend, *quoth he*,
To have those wanton wings to flee, [he,
To sport thyself a while;
Or what if I should lend thee here,
Bow, quiver, shafts, and shooting geer,
Some body to beguile;
What geer *quoth he* I cannot be bought,
Yet I would have it fair,
What if *quoth he*, it colt thee nought,
But giving it again.

His wings then he brings then,
And bound them on my back,
Go flee now, *quoth he*, now.
And so my love I take.

B

XII.

I sprang up with *Cupido's* wings
Who bow and shooting weapons brings,
To lend me for a Day;
As *Icarus* with careless flight,
I mounted higher than I might,
Too perilous a play.
Then forth I drew that double dart,
Which sometime shot his mother,
Wherewith I hurt my wanton heart,
In hope to hurt another;
It tricket me, and pricket me,
While either end I handle;
Come see now, in me now.
The Butterfly and Candle.

XIII.

Like her, allured by the light,
I felt such fondness in my flight,
As simple too as she,
For as she flies till she be fir'd,
So with the dart that I desir'd,
My own hand harmed me:
As foolish *Phæton*, by suit,
Did win his father's wain;
So long'd I with Love's shafts to shoot

The SLOB

Not prizing of the pain.
More wilful than skilful,
To fly I was so fond,
Desiring, aspiring,
To what was me beyond.

XIV.

Too late I learn'd who hews too high.
He chips my fall and chafe his eye;
Too late I sought the schools;
Too late I heard the Swallow screech;
Too late experience to teach,
The schoolmaster of fools:
Too late to find the nest I seek,
When all the Birds are flow'n:
Too late the stable door I * Reek,
When all the steeds are † Rown:
Too late ay their state ay,
All foolish folks espy,
Behind so they find so
Remeed, and so do I.

XV.

I had riely been advis'd
had not rashly enterpriz'd
To soar with borrow'd qui'l;
* Shut † Stolen

The CHERRY

For yet essay'd the archer-craft,
To shoot my self with such a shaft,
As rasseth Reason's skil.
From me I took my wi ful wound,
had no force to flee,
Then came I groaning to the ground,
Friend, welcome home, quoth he;
Where flew ye? whom flew ye?
Or who brings home the booting?
I see now, quoth he, now,
Ye have been at the shooting.

XVI.

As Scorn comes commonly with Scaith,
So I behov'd to bide them baith
So fickle was my fate!
Instead of cheet I got a check
Which I might not return or wreck,
I was booteless to debate.
My pride and pain were so extreme,
I twelv'ring swoon'd for fear;
But ere I waken'd of my dream,
It spoil'd me of my geer.
With flight then, on height then,
Sprang Cupid in the skis,
Forgetting and letting
At noon, by my careful cries.

myself a yd bottynnes of

XVII. *On His Return*

Quicke and O

So long with looks I follow'd him,
By daz'd sight grew dark and dim
With staring on the stars,
Which flew so fast before my eyes,
Red, yellow, blue, ~~of~~ various dyes :

My wits went all all at wirs,
And every thing appeared two,

To my bewilder'd brain ;
But long might I lie looking so,

Ere Cupid came again;

Whole thund'ring, with wond'ring,

I heard up in the air,

Thro' clouds he shrouds so,

And flew I wist not where.

XVIII.

What time the little god was gone,
And I in languor left alone

In wearines and wo,
Sometimes sighing, sometimes sad,
Sometimes musing, sometimes mad ;

I wist not what to do.

And now I rave, and now I rage,

Desirous, in despair,

To be outwitted by a Page,
Encreas'd all my care.

O Dido, Cupido

Abandon'd thee, and so

He wins me, then shuns me,

Alas ! why does he so !

XIX.

With meagre visage, pale and wan,
More like an atom than man

I wither'd fast away ;
As wax before the fire I felt
My heart within my bosom melt,

And piece and piece decay.

To quench the flames with fond desire,

And sighs I set about,

But still the more I blew the fire,

The bolder it broke out.

My heart then did start then

The fiery flames to flee,

Now throbbing, now sobbing,

To leap at Liberty.

XX.

But O, alas ! it was in vain,
Perforce it still must suffer pain,

Imprison'd in my breast ;
With sighs and sorrow overset,
Like fish entangled in the net,
Impatiently oppress'd,
Who thinks, in vain, to strive by strength,
Till struggling fast for breath,
Which profits nought, alas, at last,
But hastning on her death ;
With wringing and springing,
The faster still is she ;
There I so did lye so,
My death advancing me.

XXI.

The more I wrestle with the wind,
The fainter still myself I find,
No ought could my thirst appease,
Wist I could not walk alone,
Was so grievously o'er-gone,
Thro' drowth of my disease,
And weakly as I might I rose,
In darkness and in doubt,
Stagger'd at the windle-straws,
No token I was stout ;
Now sp'ritless and mightless
I wrestle as I may,

The CHERRY and

In anguish to languish
And wend my weary way.

XXII.

With sober pace approaching near,
Where from the rock the river clear,
Of which I spake before,
Ran swiftly murmuring among
The pebbles as it past along.

The flow'ry fringed shore ;
Me Pleasure and Desire provoke,
Impatient to repair
Between the river and the Rock,
Where Hope dwelt with Despair.
On high then, I spy them,
A CHERRY tree there grows ;
Below too, did grow too,
A bush of bitter SLOES,

XXIII.

The Cherrys hung above my head,
Like twinkling rubies round and red,
So high upon the bank,
Whose shadows in the River shew,
As gayly glittering as they grew,
In clusters ripe and rank ;

The boughs thro' burden of their birth,
Decaying down their tons,
Reflex of Phœbus off the Firth,
New-coloured all their knobs;
With dancing and glancing,
In pretty wimpling play,
While streaming and gleaming
The River glides away.

XXIV.

With eagre eye, while I espy,
The fruit betwixt me and the sky,
Half-height me thought to heaven;
The cragg so cumbersome to clim,
The tree so tall of growth and trim,
And as an arrow even,
call'd to mind how Daphne did
Within the laural shrink
When from Apollo she her hid
On Arethusa's Brink;
That tree there, to ne there,
As he his Laurel though,
Admiring, aspiring,
To get the fruit I sought.

XXV.

Then Dread with Danger and Despair,
Forbade to mar my mind with care,
To rake above my reach.
What, rush, quoth Courage man go to,
No doughty deed he e'er can do,
That spares for every speech ;
For I have oft heard Sages say,
and our Experience tells,
That Fortune helps the hardy ay,
And poltroons ay repels,
Then fear not, nor hear not,
Dread, Danger or Despair,
The pain, you complain
Of, is gone ere you get there.

XXVI.

Who speed, but such as high aspire,
Who triumph not but such as tire
To win a noble name ?
Of shrinking, what but shame succeeds ?
Then do as thou would have thy deeds
In Register of Fame :
I put the case thou not prevail'd,
So thou with honour die,

THE SONG

Thy life, but not thy courage fail'd,
Shall then be said of thee ;
Thy name then, from Fame then,
Shall never be cut off ;
Thy grave then, shall have then
An honest Epitaph.

XXVII.

What can thou lose when Honour lives ?
Renown thy virtue still revives,
If valiantly thou end ;
Quoth *Danger*, softly friend, take heed,
Untimely spurring spoils the steed,
Whate'er you may pretend ;
Though *Courage* counsel thee to clim,
Beware of catching scaith,
Hast thou no help but *Hope* and him,
They may beguile thee baith ;
And you then, may rue then,
The counsel of such clarks.
Where throw yet, I trow yet
Thy bosom bears the marks.

XXVIII.

Burnt Babe of fire the danger dreads,
So I believe thy bosom bleeds,

Since last the fire thou felt:
 Beside that seldom times we see
 That ever courage keep the key
 Of knowledge at his belt;
 Though he go toward with his Gun,
 Small powder he provides,
 Be not a novice of that Nun's
 That saw on both the sides;
 Such speeding, unheeding,
 O'er-fails the fight of some,
 Who took not nor brook not
 What afterwards may come.

XXIX.

Yet Wisdom wishes thee to weigh
 This figure in philosophy,
 A lesson worth thine ear,
 Which is in time to be attent,
 And not when time is past repente
 To buy *Discretion* dear.
 Is there no honour after life,
 That thou thyself must kill;
 Wheretore has *Atropos* that knife?
 I trow thou canst not tell;
 Who * but it wouldest cut it,

* The word *but* here signifieth without.

THE SLOB.

While Clotho scarce has spun,
Destroying thy joying
Before 'tis well begun.

XXX.

What fool art thou to die for thirst,
And now nav quench it if thou list,

So easily, + but pain;
More honour is to vanquish aye,
Than fight with fifty and be ta'ne,
And either hurt or slain.

Will Faune hier pity on thee pour
When all thy bones are broken?
On SLO, suppose you think it four
May satisfy to flocken;
+ youth, now, the drowth now,
Which dries thee with desire,
Affwage then, the rage then,
Foul water quenches fire.

XXXI.

Consider well with whom you cope,
And slip not certainty for hope,
Who guides thee but by gueſſ,

+ Without.

Quoth Courage, cowards take no cure,
To sit with shame, so they be sure.

I like them all the less,
What pleasure purchas'd is * but pain,
Or honour won with ease,
He will not lie where he is slain,

That doubts before he dies,
I fear then I hear then,
But only one remedie,
Which late is, and that is,

'To tarry till thou'rt dead.'

XXXII.

What is the way to heal thy hurt?
What is the way to stay thy smart?

What means may make thee merry?
What is the comfort that you crave,
Suppose these Sophisits thee deceive,

'Thou knowest it is the Cherry;
Since for it only then thou smart,
The Sloe can be no boot,
In it alone thy hopes consist,
And in no other fruit.'

* Without, i. e. He will not die in battle, who
doubts that honour is not easily won.

Wh' quak'st thou and shake'st thou,
Astonish'd about life, i s o l i n T
Advise shre, if byes haue, d vach w o l l
On no less than thy life, f o r t h a d f

XXXIII.

ough all beginnings be most hard,
The end is pleasing afterward ;
Then shrink not for a shew'r ;
hen once that thou the fruit has got,
My toil and travell is forgo't,
The sweet exceeds the sour ;
So to then quickly fear not this,
For *Hope* good hap has height,
Both *Danger* be not sudden, Sir,
The matter is of weight.

First try both and spy both,
Advisement doth none ill,
I say then, you may then,
Be wilful when you will.

XXXIV.

at yet to mind the proverb call
Who uses perills perishe shall,
Short while his life here lasts ;
And I have heard, quoth *Hope* that he,

Shall never shape to sail the sea,
That for a l perills calls.
How many through despair are dead
That never perills priv'd?
How many also if you read,
Whose lives we have reliv'd
Who lying and dying,
In danger and despair:
Have liv'd still, and thriv'd still,
As thou hast heard declare.

XXXV.

If we two hold not up thy heart,
Which is the chief and nobler part,
It were not for thy weal,
Considering those companions can
Dissuade a silly simple man,
To hazard for his heal;
Although they have deceived some,
Ere they and we did meet,
They get no credit where we come,
With any man of sp'rit,
By reason their treason,
By us is plain espy'd,
Revealing their dealing,
Which dare not be deny'd.

XXXVI.

With sleeky sophisins, seeming sweet,
As all their doings were discreet,
They wish thee to be wife,
Postponing time from hour to hour,
But falsely underneath the flow'r
The lurking serpent lies ;
Suppose thou see'st her not a time
Till that she sting thy foot,
Perceiv'it thou not what precious time,
Thy flowing does o'er-shoot ?

Alas man ! thy case man,
In ling'ring I lament ;
Go to now, and do now,
That *Courage* be content,

XXXVII.

While *Danger* and *Despair* retired,
Experience came and enquir'd
What all the matter mean'd ;
With him came *Reason*, *Wit* and *Skill*,
And they began to ask at *Will*,
Where make ye to my friend ?

To pluck von lusty Cherry, lo,
 Quoth he and quit the Slae:
 Quoth they is there no more ado,
 Or ye win up the brae?
 But to it, and do it,
 Perforce the fruit is pluckt.
 Well brother, some other
 Were fitter to conduct.

XXXVIII.

We grant ye may be guid eneuch;
 Bat yet the hazard of yon heuch
 Requieres a graver guide
 As wise as ye may go wrang,
 Therefore take counsel ere ye gang,
 Of some that stand beside.
 But who were yon three ye forbade
 Your company right now;
 Quoth Will three preachers to persuade
 the poison'd Slae to pow.
 They taitled and prattled,
 A long half hour and mair;
 Foul fall them, they call them
 Dread, Danger and Despair.

XXXIX.

'They are more troublesome than true;
Yon dastards durst not follow you,
Or climb the cragg with us;
From we determined to die
Or climb yon Cherry tree so high
They beat about the * buss.
They are condition'd like the Cat,
They would not wet their feet,
But yet, if any fish ye gat,
They would be fain to eat,
Though they now, I say now,
To hazard have no heart,
Yet luck we, and pluck we,
The fruit they wou'd have part.

XL.

But from we get our voyage won
They shall not then a *Cherry* com,
That would not enterprize.
Well quoth Experience, ye boast,
But he that counts without his host,
I trow oft times count twicē.
Ye sell the Bear's skin on his back,

* Buss,

But bi 'e while ye it get;
 When ye have done 'tis time to crack,
 Ye fish before the net.
 What haste Sir ! ve taste Sir,
 The *Cherry* or ve *pow it ;
 Beware yet, ye are yet
 More talkative than + trowit.

XLI.

Call Danger back again, quoth Skill,
 To see what he can say to Will,
 We see them shod so strait ;
 We may not trust what ilk one tells ;
 Quoth Courage, we concluded else,
 He serves not for our mate ;
 For I can tell you all prequeer,
 His Counsel ere he come.
 Quoth Will whereto should he come he
 He cannot hold him dumb.
 He speaks ay, and seeks ay,
 Delay of time by drifts ;
 He gives us, and deives us
 With sophistry and shifts.

* Pull, + Assured,

XLII.

Why may not these three lead this one,
I led a hundred mine alone,

*But counsel of them all.

I grant quoth Wisdom, ye have led,
But I would ask how many sped.

Or further'd, but a fall.

But either few or none I trow,

Experience can tell;

He says the man may blame but you

The first time e'er he fell,

He kens then, what pens then

You borrow'd him to flee;

His wounds yet that itounds yet,

He gat I think thro' thee.

XLIII.

That quoth Experience is true,
Will flatter'd him when first he flew:

Will set him in a hollow;

Will was his counsel and convoy,

To borrow from the blinded boy

His quiver wings and bow;

Wherewith before he say'd to shoot

He yielded not to youth,

*Without, + Without. || Smarts + Flame

Nor yet had need of any fruit,
 To quench his deadly drowth,
 Which pines him and dwines him
 To death I wot not how,
 If Will then, did ill then,
 Himself remembes now.

XLIV.

Well quoth Experience if that he
 Submit himself to you and me,
 I wot what I should say ;
 Our good advice he shall not want,
 Providing always that he grant
 To put you will away ;
 And banish both him and Despair,
 That all good purpose spills ;
 So he will mell with them nae mair,
 Let them two * flyte their firs ;
 Such closing, but losing
 All honest men may ute :
 That change now, were strange, now
 Quoth Reason to refuse.

XLV.

Quoth Will, fie on him when he flew
 That pull'd not CHERRIES then anew,

Now to have stay'd his *+ Hurt*
Quoth Reason, tho' he bear the blame,
He neither saw nor needed them,
Till he him self had hurt.

First when he minded not, he might,
He needs and may not now,
His folly when he took his flight
Empashed him to *paw*.

But he now and we now,
Perceive thy purpose plain,
To turn him and burn him,
And blow on him again.

XLVI.

Quoth Skill, why should we longer strive?
Far better late than never thrive:
Come let us help him yet:
Last time we may not prove again;
We waste the present time in vain,
Beware of that, quoth *Wit*:
Speak on, Experience, let's see,
We think ye hold ye dumb.
By-gones I have heard quoth he
I know not things to come.

Quoth Reason, the season
With slowthing slides away;

Then take him, and make him,
A man, if that ye may.

XLVI.

Then Will as angry as an ape,
Ran ramping swearing, rude and rape,
Saw he none other shift ;
He would not want an inch of Will,
Whether it did him good or ill,
For thirty of his thrift ;
He would be foremost in the field,
And master if he might ;
Yea he should rather die than yield,
Though Reason had the right :
“ Shall he now make me now
His subj^t, or his slave,
No rather that day there
He'd quick go to his grave.

XLVIII.

I bight him while my heart is *bait*,
To perish first or he prevail,
Come afterwards what may :
Quoth Reason, doubt ye not indeed,
Ye hit the nail upon the head,
It shall be as ye say.

• Scold,

† Disorder.

But since ye think an easy thing
 To mount above the moon,
 Of your own fiddle take a string,
 And dance when ye haye done.

If then, Sir, the man, Sir,
 Likes of your mirth he may ;
 But * *spair* first and hear first
 What he himself will say.

XLIX.

Then all together they began
 To call, come on, thou crazy man
 What is thy will a wise ?
 Abash' t, a little while I stay'd,
 Musing or I answer made
 And turn'd me once or twice,
 Beholding every one about,
 Whose motions mov'd me *mis*?.
 Some seem'd affir'd, so ne were in doubt;
will ran re l + wood for haste,
 With wringing and flinging,
 For madnes them *among* ;
 Despair too, for care too,
 Would needs himself go hang.

E

* Ask. † Mad.

L.

Which when Experience perceiv'd,
 Quoth he, remember if we rav'd,
 As Will advanc'd of late,
 When that he swore, he nothing saw
 In age but anger, slack and slaw,
 And canker'd of conceit.
 Ye could not luck, as he alledg'd,
 That all opinions priz'd,
 He was so fierce and fiery edg'd
 He deem'd us ill adviz'd.
 Who scances all changes,
 Quoth he, no worship wins,
 To some best shall come best
 That hap well, speed well * *rinx*.

LI.

Yet, quoth Experience, behold,
 For all the tales that he has told,
 How he himself behaves,
 Because *Despair* could not come speed,
 Lo where he hangs all but the head,
 And in a † widdy waves.
 If they be sure ones, you may see,
 To him that with them mell's;
 * Runs † Gallows.

If they had hurt or helped thee,
Consider by themselves.

Then chuse thee, to use thee,
By us, or such as yon ;
Say soon, now, have done now ;
Make either off or on.

LII.

Assure thyself, if once we shed,
Thou shalt not get thy purpose sped ;
Take tent we have thee told ;
Have done, and drive not off the day ;
The man than wilt not when he may,
He shall not when he would.
What wilt thou do, I would we wist,
Accept us or give o'er ;
Quoth I, I think me mair than blest,
To find such famous four ;
Beside me, to guide me,
Now when I have to do,
Considering the * *swiddering*
Ye found me first into.

LIII.

When *Courage* crav'd a stomach stout ;
And *Danger* drove me into doubt,
With his companion *Dread* ;
* Hesitating,

Whiles Will wou'd up aloft in air,
 Whiles I was drown'd in deep despair,
 Whiles Hope held up my head :
 Such pithy reasons and replies
 On ev'ry side they shew,
 That I who was not very wise
 Thought all their tales were true ;
 So many and bony
 Old problems they propoun'd,
 Both quickly and likely,
 I marvell'd meik e on't.

LIV.

Yet Hope and Courage wan the field,
 The' Dread and danger ne'er wou'd yield,
 But fled to fi d refuge ;
 So, when you flour met they were fain,
 When we agreed to come again,
 They join'd to make ye judge :
 Where they were fugitive before,
 You made them frank and free,
 To speak and stand in awe no more,
 Quoth Nealon, so should be,
 Out times now, but crimes, now,
 And even perforce it falls.
 The strong ay, with wrong ay,
 But weaker to the walls ;

LV.

Which is a fault ye must confess,
Strength is ordain'd not to oppress
With vigour wanting right ;
But on the con' rair to sustin
The weak ones that have burthen'd been,
As mikle as thy might.

So Hope and Courage did quoth I,
Experienced like,
Shew skill'd and pithy reasons why
That danger lap the * iDyke.

Quoth dread Sir, take heed Sir,
Much speaking, part must spill,
Infit not, ye wit not,
We went against our will.

LVI.

With Courage ye were quite content,
Ye never sought our small, consent,
Nor of us hood in awe :
Their logick lessons ye believ'd ;
Determined to be deceiv'd,
Allegiance paist for law ;
For all the proverbs we perus'd,

* Wall

Ye thought them scanty skill'd ;
Our reasons had been better *rus'd,
Had ye been as well will'd
To our side as your side,
So truly I may term it,
We see now, in you now,
Affection does affirm it.

LVII.

Experiance then smirking smil'd
We are no babes to be beguil'd
Quoth he, and shook his head,
For authors who appeal to us,
They would not go about the bufs,
To Foster deadly feid ;
For we are equal to ye all,
No person we respect.
We have been so, are yet, and shall
Be found so in effect,
If we were as ye were,
We had come unrequir'd,
But we now, ye see now,
Do nothing undefi'd.

* Praised

L.VIII.

There is a sentence said by some,
Let none uncall'd to counsel come,
That welcom e seems to be ;
Yea, I have heard another yet,
Who comes uncall'd, unserv'd shall sir,

Perhaps, Sir, so may ye.
Goodman, gramercy for your geck,
Quoth Hope and lowly + louts,
If ye were sent for we suspect,
If that the Doctor doubts :
Your years now, appears now,
With wisdom to be vext,
Imposing, and glozing,
Till ye have lost your text.

LIX.

Where ye were sent for let us see
Who would be welcomer than we,
Prove that and we are paid,
Well quoth Experience beware
Ye ken not in what case ye are,
Your tongue has you betray'd ;
The man perhaps may lose a + stot
+ Stoops + A young Ox

The CHERRY and

That cannot count his \dagger kinſch,
In your own bow you are o'erſhot,
By more than half an inch.

Who wats Sir, if that Sir,
Be ſour which ſeemeth ſweet,
I fear now, ye hear, now,
A dangerous decreet,

LX.

Sir, by that Sentence you have ſaid,
I pledge, or all the game be play'd
I hat ſome ſhall ſpring a leak ;
Since ye but put me now to prove,
Such heads as help for my behove,
Your warrant is but weak :
Ask at the man yourſelf and ſee,
Suppoſe ye strive for itate.
It he regarded not how he
Had learn'd my leſſons late ;
And granted he wanted
Both Reaſon Wit and ſkill,
Complaining and *maining,
Our abience did him ill.

\ddagger Cow-cattle

LXI.

Confront him further face to face,

If yet he rues his rackless race,

Perhaps and you shall hear:

For ay since Adam and since Eve,

Who first thy leisings did believe

I sold thy doctrine dear!

What has been done, even to this day,

I keep in mind ~~alwa~~,

Ye promise further than ye pay,

Sir, hope for all your haste;

Promising, outwiting,

Your heights you never hooked,

I show you; I know you,

Your by-gones I have booked.

LXII.

I could, in case account were crav'd,

Quote thousand thousands thou deceiv'd,

For thou was true to one;

And on the contrair, I may vaunt,

Which thou must, tho' it grieve thee,

I never deceived man;

(grant

But truly told the naked truth

'tis touch as hell'd with me,

F

For neither rigour nor for ruth.

But only loth to lie;

To some yet, to come yet,
The succ^r ur will be flight,
Which i then, must try then,
And register aright,

LXIII.

Fa, ha! quo h Hope, and loudly leugh,
Ye are but prentice at the pleugh,

Experiance ye prieve;

Suppose all by-gons, as ye speak,
Ye are no prophet worth a leek,

Nor I bound to believe.

Ye should not say, Sir, till ye see,

But when ye see it say;

Yet quoth Experience, of thee,

Take many marks I may.

By signs now, and lines now,

Which ay before me bears,

Expressing, by guessing,

The perril that appears.

LXIV.

Then hope reply'd, and that with pith,
And wisely weigh'd his words therewith,

Sententiously and short:

Quoth he, I am the anchor grip,
That saves the Sailor and the Ship,
From perril to the port.

Quoth he, oftentimes the anchor drives,
As we have found before,
And loses many thousand lives,
By shipwreck on the shore.

Your grip oft doth slip it,
When men have most to do,
Then leaves them, and raves them
Of thy companions too.

LXV.

Thou leaves them not thyself alone,
But to their grief when thou art gone,
Makes Courage quite them als.

Quoth Hope, I would you understood,
I hold fast if the ground be good,
And flit where it is false.

There should no fault with me be found;
Nor I accus'd at all (ground
Blame such as should have plum'd the
Before the anchor fall;
Their lead ay, at need ay,
Might warn them if they would;

If they there, would stay there,
Or have good anchor hold.

Act 2 sc 1 from folio 16 verso 1 and 2

LXVI.

If ve read right it was not I,
Put rather ignorance, whereby
Their carvels all were claven.
I am not f r a i n e r per known,
All quoth xperience is one,
I have my procesis proven,
To wit, that we are call'd each one,
To come before we came;
That now of j etion ye have none,
Yourselv may lay the same.

Ye are now too far now,
Come forward tot to flee,
I perceive then, you have then
The wost end of the tree

LXVII.

When Hope was gall'd into the quick,
Quoth Courage kicking at the prick,
We're ye well to wit;
Make he y u welcomer than we
Then bygunes, bygunes, farewell he,
Except it lea us yet:

He understands his own estate,
Let him his chieftains chose,
But yet his battle will be * blate,
If he our help refuse ;
Refuse us, or chase us,
We counsel him to climb,
But stay he, or stray he,
We have no help for him.

LXVIII.

Except the CHERRY he hath chose,
Be ve his friends, we are his foes,
His doings we despite :
If we perceive him settled so,
To satisfy him with the SLOE,
His company we quite.
Then Dread and Danger grew full glad,
And wist that they had won,
They though all seal'd that they had said,
Since they had first begun ;
They hight then, they might then,
Without a party plead,
But yet there, with wit there,
They were set down with speed.

* Bafbus.

LXIX.

Sirs, Dread and Danger then quoth Wit,
 Ye did yourselves to me submit,
 Experience can prove :
 That, quoth Experience, I past,
 Their own confessions make them fast,
 They may no more remove.
 For if I right, remember me,
 This maxim then they made,
 That well the man of wit should weigh
 What Philosophs have said ;
 Which sentence, repentance
 Forbade him dear to buy,
 They knew then, how true then,
 And press'd not to reply.

LXX.

Tho' now were Dread and Danger dumb,
 Yet Courage would not be overcome,
 Hope hight him such a hire.
 He strait bethought how soon he saw
 His Enemies were laid so low,
 It was no time to tire :
 He hit the iron in the heat,
 Before it could grow cold ;

or he esteem'd his foes defeat,
When once he found them fild;
'Ho' we now, quo' he now,
Have been so free and frank
'f right yet, he might yet,
For kindness coind us thank.

LXXI.

Supose it so as thou hast said,
hat unrequir'd we proffer'd aid,
At least that came of love;
xperience, ye start too soon,
Ye nothing do till all be done,
And then ye often prove.
More plain than pleasant too, perchance,
Some tell that have you try'd;
As fast as you yourself advance,
It cannot be deny'd.
Abide then, your tide then,
And wait upon the wind;
Ye know, Sir, ye owe, Sir
To hold ye ay behind,

LXXII.

Who wist what would be cheap or dear,
Should need to traffick but a year,

If things to come were known,
 Suppose all by one things be plain,
 Your prophesie is but prophane,
 Ye had best known your own
 Ye would accuse me of a crime,
 Almost before we met,
 Torrent you not before the time,
 Since dolour pays no debt.

What's past, that I past,
 Ye wot if it was well;
 To come yet, by doom yet,
 Confess ye cannot tell.

LXXXIII.

Yet, quoth Experience, what then,
 Who may be meetest for the man,
 Let us his answer have ;
 When they submitted them to me,
 To Reason I was fain to flee,
 His counsel kind to crave.
 Quoth he, since ye yourselves submit,
 To do as I decree ;
 I shall advise with Skill and Wit ;
 What fitting they may see.
 They cry'd then, we bide then,
 By Reason for refuge ;
 Allow him, avow him,
 As governour and judge.

LXXXIV.

Then said they all, with one consent,
What he concludes we are content,
His bidding we obey ;
He hath authority to use,
Then take for choice what he will chuse,
And longer not delay :
Then Reason rose and was rejeic'd,
Quoth he, mine hearts come hither ;
I hope this case may be compos'd.
That we may go together.
To all now, shall now,
His proper place assign,
That they here may stay here,
With reason we combine.

LXXXV.

Come on quoth he, companion Skill,
Y. u understand both good and ill,
In Physick ye are fine ;
Be mediciner to the man,
And shew such cunning as you can,
To put him out of pine ?
First search the ground of all his grief,
What sickness you suspect,

G

Then look what lacke for his relief,
Or further he infect.
Con fort him, exhort him,
Give him your good advice,
And scarc not, nor want not,
For peril nor for price.

I XXVI.

Quoth Skill, his senses are so sick,
I know no liquor worth a leek.
To quench his deadly drouth :
I except the *Cherry* help his heat,
Whose quenching juices sharp and sweet,
Might melt into his mouth :
His melancholy to remove,
And mitigate his mind ;
None wholesomer for his behove,
Nor of more cooling kind.
No nectar director,
Could all the Gods him give,
Nor send him, to mend him,
None better I believe.

LXXVII.

For drouth decays as it digests,
Why then, quoth Reason nothing rests,

But how it may be won :
Oft true quoth Skill, that is the scope,
Yet we must have some help to Hope,
Quoth Dinger I am done,
His hastiness brings oft mishap,
When he is highly hors'd ;
I wou'd we looked, or we lap,
Quoth Wit, that were not worst.

I mean now, conveine now,
The council one and all ;
Begin then, call in then,
Quoth Reason, so I shall.

LXXVIII.

Then Reason rose, with gesture grave,
Conveining quickly all * *the leve*,

To hear what they would say ;
With silver scepter in his hand,
As chifain chosen to command,
And they bound to obey.

He paused long before he spake.

And in a study stood,
Then he began and silence br'ke,
Come on, quothe he, conclude.

What way now, we may now,
You Cherry come to catch ;

* *The rest*

Speak out sirs, about sirs,
Have done, let us dispatch,

LXXXI.

Quoth Courage, scourge him first that scars;
Much using memory but mars,

I tell you mine intent:

Quoth it, who will not partly pause,
In perils peri hes perchance,
Ever rackless may repent.

Then quoth Experience and spoke,
Sir, I have seen them baith,
In *baldiness and lie aback,
Escape and come to skaith,

But what now of that now,

Stunt follows all extremes:

Retain then, the mean then,
The surest way it seems.

LXXXII.

To get the Cherry in all haste,
As for my lafy leving maist,
I ho' Dread and Danger feart'd;
The peril of that irkome way,
Left that thereby I should decay,

* Forwardness,

Who then so weak appear'd :
Yet Hope and Courage hard beside,
Who with them wont contend'
Did take in hand us all to guide
Unto our journey's end.

In pledging and wacling
Both their two lives for mine,
Providing the guiding,
To them I would resign.

LYXXI.

Then Dread and Danger did protest,
Alleging it could ne'er be best,
Nor yet could they agree ;
But said they should sound their retreat,
Because they thought them no ways meet
Conductors unto me ;
Nor to no man in mine estate,
With sickness sore opprest ;
For they took ay the nearelt gate,
Omitting of the best.
There nearelt perquierest,
Is always to them daith,
Where they, Sir, may say, Sir,
What fecks them of your feath.

LXXXII.

But as for us two now we swear,
By him before we must appear,
Our full intent is now,
To have you hale, and always was,
That purpose for to bring to pass,
So is not theirs I row :
Then Hope and Courage did attest,
The gods of both these parts,
If they wrought not all for the best
Of me with upright hearts.

Our chitain then lifting
His scepter, di eu jom ;
No more there uproar there,
And to the strife was done.

LXXXIII.

Rebuking Dread and Danger sore
Suppose they meant well evermore
To me as they had swore ;
Because their neighbours they abus'd,
In so far as they had accus'd,
Them, as ye heard before ;
Did he not else, quoth he consent

The Cherry for to *pow?
Quoth Dang'r we are well content,
But yet the manner how?
We shall now, e'en all now,
Get this man with us there;
It re's then, and's best then,
Your counsel to declare.

LXXXIV.

Well said quoth Hope and Courage now,
We thereto will accord with you,
And shall abide by them;
Like as before we did submit,
Now we repeat the same as fit
We mind not to reclaim;
Whom they shall chuse to guide the way,
We shall them follow straight,
And further this man what we may,
Because we have so hight;
Promitting but flitting,
To do the thing we can,
To please baith, and ease baith,
This silly sickly man.

* Pull,

LXXXV.

When Reason heard this then quoth he,
I see your chieftest stay to be,

That we have nam'd no guide;
The worthy counsel hath therefore,
Thought good that Wit should go before
For perils to provide;

Quoth Wit there is but one of three
Things I shall to thee show,
Whereof the first two cannot be

For any thing I know:

The way here so high here
Is, that we can not climb,
Even o'er now, we four now,
That will be hard for him.

LXXXVI.

And next for us to wind about,
Where this high range of rocks run out,
The stream is there too strong;
And also passeth wading deep,
And broader far than we dare leap,
It surely would be wrong,
It spreads still broader to the sea,
Since from the spring it came,

The running dea^t doth signify
the deepnes of the same;

I leave now to pri^eve nⁱw,
How that it shal^t liues,
As sleeping and creeping,
But nature so provides.

LXXXVI.

Our way then lies below the fall,
Wherby I warrant spee^t we shall,

The way is wide and plain;
The water also is right shallow,
I'll lead the way, and ye shall follow.
Nor find your labour vain.

For as we find a mischief grow
Oft of a trifling thing,
So likewise doth this river flow

Forth of a littlespring;
Whose it is, Sir, I wot, Sir,
You may stop with your hand,
As you, Sir, draw, Sir, or blust^r
Experience understand.

LXXXVII.

That, quoth Experience, I do,
And all ye gild men to be true,
Since first when ye began;

H

Quoth Skill and Wit the same answer'd
Quoth Reason then let us remeke,

This silly Slothful man.
Wit and Experience, quoth he,
Shall go before space.

The man shall come with Skill and me,
Into the second place;

Out o'er now you four now,
Shall come into a band,
Proceeding and leading
Each other by the hand.

6 MA 50XXXIX.

As Reason order'd all obey'd,
None were too rash, none were afraid,

Our counsel was right wise;

As of our journey, Wit did note,
We found it true, in every jot,

God bless the enterprise.

For even as we came to the tree,

Which as ye hard us tell,

Could not be climbed so suddenly

The fruit for ripeness fell.

Which hastning, and tasting,

I found myself reliev'd,

Of sickness, and weaknes,

That mind and body grieved.

THE END.

D